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CHILD'S STORY
BOOK

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FROM

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THE KITE.

THE
CHILD'S STORY BOOK;
A
HOLIDAY GIFT.

BY AMEREL.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND CO., 200 BROADWAY.
PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE S. APPLETON, 104 CHESTNUT STREET.
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1850.



From the estate of
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THE CHILD'S STORY BOOK.

THE KITE.

GEORGE CLARKE was a little boy about ten years old. I am afraid he was too fond of play, and not fond enough of learning to read and write; for he came to school late in the mornings, and was often seen driving a hoop round the streets when he should have been study-

ing his lessons. When at school he sat thinking about balls and kites, instead of attending to what his teacher said; so that his lessons were often but badly learned, and sometimes not learned at all. In the afternoon, he did not go directly home, but stopped to play along the road, or to look in at windows; and two or three times he lost his way, and did not reach home until late at night

When George was at home, he was busy nearly all the time making balls, kites, hoops, and sail boats; and on Saturday afternoons when there was no

school, he and other little boys spent their time playing with these toys. Once he fell into the river, and would have been drowned if a gentleman had not jumped in and brought him out. His ball often broke people's window panes, which Mr. Clarke had to pay for; beside, George often fell down and hurt himself sadly; so that he was hardly ever seen without a cut finger, or a bruised forehead, or a stumped toe, or a swelled nose. Still he was not a bad boy, though very careless; and when his father or his mother told him how much grief he

caused them, George would say how sorry he was, and promised to do better. Then he would go to school steadily for about a week, and be very careful not to play ball in the streets, where he might break glass. But after that he would forget what his father had said, and be bad as ever.

Now, though George was not a bad boy—that is, he had not wicked thoughts and feelings, as some boys have—yet he could not go on in this careless manner until he became a large boy, without growing wicked. All children ought to

play; but not to spend nearly all their time in play, for they will very soon become fit for nothing else. Mr. Clarke knew this; and he tried hard to show his little boy how wrong it was to neglect his lessons, and tear his books, merely that he might spend all his time in the streets.

I will now tell you, children, one of the first wicked things that George was led into by his carelessness, and fondness for play. When about ten years of age he made a very large kite, and put it in his room behind the bed, so that he

might fly it on Saturday afternoon. It had a fine long tail, and pieces of red silk hanging from the sides. George had bought a new ball of thread to fly it with; and he thought how happy he would be when Saturday came, and he could run with it through the streets, and out among the fields. Every morning, before going to school, and every evening, when school was out, he ran up stairs to see if his kite was safe, and to wave it over his head, as he thought he would do, when he got it out in the street.

But after two or three days had passed, George began to grow tired of waiting. He saw boys in the streets flying kites, and wished that he could do so, too. Then he asked his father if he might not stay at home on Thursday afternoon, but he did not tell what for. His father would not give him leave, so George went to school that morning sullen and angry. He did not know his lesson, and beside, behaved so badly, that his teacher kept him in a whole hour after school was out. When he came home, his mother asked him where he had been.

George had always been used to speaking the truth, and at school ran the risk of being punished many a time, rather than say what he knew to be false. But this day he sadly forgot himself; and now see, children, how one bad act leads to another. He told his mother, that when coming from school, he saw a boy who had fallen and hurt himself very much; and that he stood a good while looking at him. His mother believed him; for as I have told you, he generally spoke the truth. But she said that he ought not to have stopped on the road,

and kept her waiting for dinner for him. She told him to hurry, lest he might be late to school. George ate as fast as he could, and put on his hat and coat, and went out. Mrs. Clarke called to him, to go straight to school, and to come back as soon as it was out.

Now, children, here was one fault that this little boy had been led into by his carelessness and love of play. But this is not all: I have a story still more sad to tell about him.

George had resolved not to go to school in the afternoon. He said this to him-

self, as he was coming home, and while his mother had been talking to him. After dinner he went a few steps down the street, then stopped, and at last came back to the house. I must tell you, children, that the front door of Mr. Clarke's house, opened upon an entry, from which a flight of stairs went up to the second and third stories; so you could go to the top of the house without passing through any of the rooms. When George came back to the front door, he listened a little while, to hear if any body was in the entry. Then he opened

the door very quietly, and peeped through. All the doors leading into the rooms, were closed; so he went in, shut the door, and then passed up stairs into his own room. He then took the kite from its place behind his bed, and crept down the first flight of steps. At that moment he heard the kitchen door open. You may believe, children, that this boy trembled all over. But it was only his mother going into the cellar. He listened, scarcely daring to breathe, until he heard her return to the kitchen, and shut the door; then he stole down stairs,

carrying the kite with him, and passed into the street. Now I am safe, said George to himself; and he ran up the street with all his might, thinking that when he got a mile from home, he could easily find some boys who would help him fly it.

George thought that he could play the whole afternoon, and return home about the time that school would be out. So his mother would know nothing about it; and as to his teacher, he could make him believe that he had been kept at home by his mother. But, children, there

was an eye looking on him, though his mother's was not. You know what eye I mean. That great Being observes when children, and men, too, do wrong; and that retribution is impending at the moment when they suppose they are going to be the most happy. Let us see how George Clarke made out by telling lies, and playing truant.

He ran on until he came to the upper part of the city, where the houses were not very close together. Here he met about half a dozen boys, and asked them to help him raise the kite. They all

agreed, and the large, new kite was soon in the air. It mounted slowly and steadily, over the tops of the houses, higher and higher, until it seemed no larger than a man's hand. The boys laughed and shouted, to see it sailing so high, sometimes lying still on the air, and at others mounting up, almost into the clouds. Two of them said it was the finest kite they had ever seen, and wished they could make one like it. Must not George have been happy to see it flying so nicely, and hear himself praised by his companions for being a

better kite maker than many boys older than himself?

No — George was not happy. He laughed as much as the others; but a heavy load lay at his heart, and he could not help wishing to himself that he had obeyed his mother, and gone to school. As the afternoon wore away, he became afraid he would be found out, and this fear made him miserable. By and by, he saw some boys coming from a school house, not far off. He knew, therefore, that it was time for him to return, and began to pull in his kite. The other

boys wanted it still to fly; so when George told them to wind the string into a ball, they would not do it. So all the new thread became knotted and tangled. At last they snatched it from his hands, and said they would raise it again. He tried to get his string again, but they threw him down; and while the struggle was going on, the thread broke, and the big kite was lost. The boys ran after it, leaving poor George to get up as he could. He was much bruised, and his clothes were soiled with mud. After crying till he could cry no more, he

walked slowly down the street, stopping every now and then to think what he would tell his mother. At last it grew dark, and the little boy felt afraid. He ran till he came to his father's door, where he sat down, and began to cry. By and by his mother came up the street, and took him in. She had been looking for him more than an hour, afraid that he had been killed.

This was a sad night for George; but I am happy to say he confessed every thing. His father perceived that it was time to stop his son, before he would

commit still greater wickedness; so he punished him very severely, and would not show him any favor, until George gave proof by his conduct, that he intended to be a better boy. See what he has gained by his bad conduct. Lost his kite, been bruised by bad boys, punished by his father, and deprived of the esteem of his teacher. I hope all this will teach him to be a better boy.

THE LION.

SEE, what a great, ugly animal that is! You know it is the lion, and a ~~strong~~, fierce beast he is. He lies in his cage, growling and roaring at the people who look at him. And there is a little dog in the cage with him. Will he not eat it? you ask. No—the great lion loves this little dog, and plays with him as you do with a rabbit or a doll.

I am going to tell you something about
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lions. They are found in a country many miles from this, called Africa. Some are found in Asia. There they kill oxen, sheep, horses, and sometimes men; and a lion is so strong, that he can easily run off to his den in the forest, with a large ox on his back. Once a big lion came at night among an old farmer's cattle, and stole a bull. Next night he stole another. In the morning the old man went out with his gun, and followed the lion's track, until he came to some thick bushes, in which the animal lay hid. He watched until he could see the

lion's eyes peeping at him, when he fired. He missed his aim, and then the lion sprang at him, knocked him down, and began to gnaw his arm. It is wonderful he did not kill the old man; but he seems to have been in a good humor, and besides, had eaten a whole bull the night before, which kept him from being hungry. After he had gnawed a little of the man's arm off, he laid down very quietly beside him. Every time the man moved, he gnawed his arm; so it was necessary to lay still. In this manner they remained together until late in the

afternoon, when the old man heard the report of a gun. At the same time the lion sprang into the air, and then fell to the ground. Then the man arose and looked around. He saw his own son with a gun in his hand—he having missed his father, and gone out to hunt for him. The lion was dead. This old man lived afterwards many years; but his arm was so much injured that it had to be cut off.

A man who was walking in Africa, saw a lion following him. The animal was waiting until dark, when he could

spring on the man, and eat him. The man knew this, and resolved to cheat the lion. So toward evening, he went to a rocky place, on the top of a steep hill, and slid down a little distance, so that his head was not above the ground. Then he held up his hat and coat on a stick, skaking it about, so that it looked like a man walking. In a short time the lion came creeping along, until he was near enough to spring. Then he made a great leap at the hat and coat, and fell, head foremost, down the rock. I suppose he broke his neck. The man got

up and ran away as fast as he could, too glad for having saved his life, to think about his clothes.

I will tell you another story about a lion, but I do not know whether it is true or not. It is said to have happened many hundred years ago, among a people called the Romans. A slave of one of these Romans had been driven from the country, and was wandering in the woods alone. His name was Andronicus—a hard word, but I hope you will spell it out. He was very hungry, and went into a cave, where he thought he would

lie down and die. By and by, a great lion came in. Andronicus now prepared himself to be eaten ; but instead of jumping at him, the lion walked slowly toward him, and held out its paw. The man did not know what to think ; but, seeing that the lion did not offer to hurt him, he took courage, and examined the foot. A great thorn had run into it, so that it was swelled and very sore. Andronicus now understood that the lion wished him to take the thorn out. He did so, and then tied it up with his handkerchief. The lion wagged its tail,

licked the man's hands, and showed every sign of joy. They had become friends, and for a long while lived together in the cave.

But Andronicus afterwards left the wood, and was taken by his enemies. The Romans were a cruel people, and often threw the men they did not like, to lions, bears, or tigers. They ordered that Andronicus should be given to a lion. When the fatal day came, he was placed in a large room, which had a wall around it on all sides, and above the wall seats for people to look on while the lion

ate the man. This place was called a theatre. While Andronicus was standing alone in the theatre, a big lion was sent in, and came roaring at him, and dashing its head about in a frightful manner. Poor Andronicus! It would have been better if he had staid in the cave, with his own lion. Every moment he expected to be torn to pieces. All at once the lion grew calm and still; and then walking up to the man, licked his hands and his face, fawned on him, and lay down at his feet. Its keeper came near, to make it eat Andronicus;

but it roared so loud that the whole theatre shook, and would have torn him to pieces, if he had not run out. No one dared to come near to touch Andronicus. He looked—it was his own lion, which he had lived with in the woods. The people were astonished; but Andronicus told how he had taken the thorn from its foot, and how he played and slept with it in the cave. He was then set free, and received the lion for a present. It would never afterwards have any keeper but Andronicus

I have already said, that I do not

know whether this story be true; but I have told it to you because it is a pretty story, and shows that the Roman people believed that the lion is a generous animal, and does not forget any one who does him a favor.

When you grow older you will read many more stories about this animal—how it is hunted, how men catch it, and how kind it is to those who use it well. Sometimes lions and tigers live in a cage together; and often a little dog, or a lamb, is with the lion. He lets it play with him as much as it chooses.

Do you know what lions eat? Not grass, or corn, like horses and sheep, nor potatoes and other vegetables, as the hogs. They live on raw meat—the flesh of animals which they catch and kill. In their native country, lions lie among trees and bushes, by the water, watching till some animal comes to drink. If a deer or buffalo comes by, they spring upon it, and strike it to the ground. Then they eat as much as they want, and leave the remainder for the wolves, vultures, and wild dogs.



FEEDING RABBITS.

THE RABBITS.

THERE was a little boy named John Smith, whose father once bought him a nice little book, that had many pictures in. John was much pleased. He read the book through several times, and used to lay it under his pillow at night, so that he might see it in the morning before he went down stairs. One picture showed a boy feeding some rabbits. John asked his father a great deal about

them, and often wished that he had a little live rabbit to feed, and play with. One day his father brought home a large box, which he set upon a table, and called John to see him open it. The top was made to slide on and off; and when Mr. Smith took this off, John saw three rabbits among some hay, at the bottom. They were white all over, with red eyes, long ears, and short tails. John clapped his hands, and danced for joy. Then he touched the rabbits, and stroked their soft, thick fur. He laughed to see them run about in the box, and eat pieces of

cabbage from his father's hand. Mr. Smith said he would make a pen for them in the corner of the garden, where John could feed them himself.

These rabbits were very handsome. They were also quite tame, and if taken out of the pen, would run about the house, and eat food from John's hand. In the morning, when he carried them cabbage, or turnips, they stood up on their hind legs, as if begging for it. Sometimes they would chase each other round and round; and again sit quietly, chewing their food, with their long ears

thrown back on their necks. It was rare sport for John.

One day Mr. Smith brought a dead rabbit home, to be cooked for dinner. John saw that it did not look like the one in the pen. It had large, brown spots over its sides and back, and its eyes were black instead of red. He asked his father where such rabbits came from. Mr. Smith said that they were the wild ones, found in the woods, and that they were stronger and more healthy than the white rabbits. John's father also told him, that these spotted

rabbits were shot with guns, and brought to the markets to be sold.

John kept his rabbits about three months. One night a cat got into the pen, and killed them all. He cried very much when he found they were dead; but his father promised, that if he would be a good boy, he would have some others in no long time.



THE HEDGEHOG.

- THE hedgehog is a small animal about the size of a half grown kitten. It has a long nose, and sharp, piercing eyes; and its legs are so short, that when walking, it seems to creep on the ground. Its back is covered with sharp quills, which stand out on every side, so that the hedgehog cannot be handled, and scarcely ever killed by any other animal. It digs a hole for itself in the ground,
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THE HEDGEHOG.

which it lines with moss, dried leaves, bark, and wool. Here it lays up a store of food, and also takes refuge if any large animal pursues it. When winter comes, it creeps to the farthest corner of this hole, rolls itself into a ball, and sleeps snugly till spring.

The hedgehog eats apples, nuts, berries, and insects. In the fall of the year, when fruit is lying on the ground, under the trees, this little animal enjoys a plentiful harvest. He may be seen in fine moonlight evenings, creeping along hedges and fences, and moving up the

fields toward the orchards. There he eats some fruit, and then carries as much as he can to his hole in the ground. If a dog attacks him, he will roll himself into a ball; and if the dog offers to bite, he gets nothing for his trouble, but a sore mouth. Sometimes the hedgehog sits on the ground, and catches the insects that fly around his head; and often he may be seen among bushes, eating the berries, or creeping about from one bush to another, in the bright moonlight.

Hedgehogs are sometimes caught and kept about houses. They soon become

tame, and will eat apples from a child's hand. It will chase away mice, and destroy all the roaches in a neighborhood, however numerous they may have been before. At night it sits on the door step, looking at the moon, and catching flies. If there be a tree in the garden, the hedgehog loves to creep around it, and dig under the roots. It will also dig under flowers after worms and insects. Hedgehogs are fond of water, and may often be found beside creeks and ponds, in the country. They are clean little animals, very industrious in laying up

their winter store, and so harmless that they disturb nothing except a few gnats and flies, or the apples that drop from the farmer's trees, and which can well be spared.



THE HEDGEHOG.



THE LAZY MAN AND THE LARK

A FABLE.

I AM going to write a fable for you, children. Perhaps, some of you do not know what a fable is; but you must read it first, and then I will tell you the meaning of it. It may also be, that after you have read this fable, you will find a little story at the end which will help you to understand it still better.

There was once a young man, whose father left him a fine country seat, with
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many fields of grain. He had numerous servants, horses and carriages, and could amuse himself all day as he liked. But he was a lazy man, neither working himself, nor overlooking his workmen. His servants, therefore, did pretty much as they pleased, and in a few months, every thing about the country seat was in disorder.

Harvest came. The fields waved with yellow grain, and some of the farmers told this lazy man, that if his servants did not reap the grain, it would spoil. He told them to go and reap—there were

so many, that they could have cut down all the grain in a day. It was very warm, so the lazy man rode out into the fields, and sat down under a shady hedge, with an umbrella over him. Here he fell asleep, and slept till morning.

Next morning, as the sun arose, he was awakened by a bird, that flew in the air over his head, singing sweetly. It was a lark. The man was angry that it had wakened him, and said :

“Why do you make that noise, silly bird? And why do you tire yourself flying in the air, when you might sleep

on the ground for more than three long hours yet?"

"It does not tire me to fly on this fine morning," replied the lark. "I am praising God, who made me to be happy; and the higher I fly, the nearer I get to Him. Besides, I am teaching my little ones to fly; for if they do not learn before fall, the cold will kill them."

The man thought to himself: "This is a very silly bird. Why don't he rest himself this fine morning, instead of flying so far, and making such a noise. I will lie down again?" He stretched

himself, and went to sleep; and while he slept, the reapers played and feasted. Before noon a thunder storm arose, and destroyed all the grain. The lazy man lost all his harvests, whose value was many hundred dollars.

This is the fable. I think I hear some little boy asking if larks can speak. No, children, they cannot; and these things that I have been telling you about, never happened exactly as you have read—that is; the man did not speak to the lark, and the lark to the man. But if birds could speak, they would tell lazy

people the same things as I have supposed the lark told to the man; so you see, that although the fable itself, is not true, yet the words that the lark spake are true, and are a lesson to all lazy people. This is what we mean by a fable—a story in which birds, and fishes, and foxes, and little dogs, are supposed to talk together, and give each other good lessons; and if, instead of calling them birds and foxes, you believe them to be children, then the fables would all be true, and would teach lessons that every body ought to obey.

Now, what lesson does our fable teach? This one—that laziness leads to poverty. This is true, whether larks can speak or not. A man may possess a great fortune, but if he is too lazy to pay attention to it, he will soon find it slipping from his grasp. A young man may know a good trade, and earn very high wages; but if he loiters about during the greater part of the time, he will never be able to save any money for the time of old age. A schoolboy may possess a great memory, and be quick at learning; but if an idle boy, he will be one of the poorest scholars

in his class. I will now tell you a story about an idle man. It happened just as I am going to relate to you.

There was once a little boy, who was very quick at learning lessons in school, or in helping his father and mother in small jobs about the house. Had he been properly instructed at home, he would, no doubt, have become a good and useful man; for he was not naturally idle or wicked. But his parents allowed him to do pretty much as he pleased; so that when school was out, he lounged about the streets, or came

home to rock himself in a chair. Then he neglected his lessons; so that from being the best scholar in the class, he became the worst. After leaving school, he was not placed at a trade, but spent his time roaming along the wharfs, or lounging for hours in beer shops, and engine houses. There he soon learned to swear, play dice, drink beer, despise his parents, and finally to steal. Now, his father became alarmed, and tried to keep him in the house; but the boy laughed at him, and sometimes staid out all night. By the time he was seven-

teen years old, he practised all kinds of wickedness. Through the day he would sleep in taverns, sheds, stables, and similar places; and at night go out to rob, gamble, and drink rum, with wicked company. When his father attempted to keep him in the house, this young man either laughed at him, or struck him; and once he knocked his mother down, with a blow of his fist, from which she was nearly a year recovering.

Soon after this he joined a gang of thieves, who committed many robberies in, and around the city. Several of them

were caught—he being among them. He was tried, found guilty, and sent to prison for two years and a half. His mother often came to his cell, wringing her hands, and begging him to change his course of life; but he laughed at her, saying that he would have his revenge on those who had placed him there.

When released from prison, he was nearly twenty. He was as bad as ever. One day, a man who had told about his robbing houses, was missing. Not long after, his dead body was found in the river. People said, that he had been

murdered by this bad young man. Officers were sent to hunt for him; but he had left the city, and gone—no one knew where. In about two months, his father received a letter, stating that his son had gone on a voyage to sea, to catch whales, and that he never intended to come back. Years rolled away, the father died, and she who had been beaten and wounded by her own boy, watched and wept for him, day and night. She hoped that he would at least send her a letter. After many years one came—not from him, but from one who had known

her when a girl. It stated, that he and some others, had changed about from one vessel to another, until at last they rose against their captain and his crew, and murdered them. This was the last she ever heard of him; but afterwards news came of some men who had been taken at sea, after killing the crew of their vessel; and that they had been hung on a little unknown island, far away, in the great Pacific ocean. Some thought that the idle boy who struck his mother, was one of them. None knew.

See what laziness leads to. This boy

was not naturally lazy; but he had learned to be: and then laziness led him to neglect his lessons, to despise his parents, to refuse working, to drink, to gamble, to steal, to murder.



THE LAZY BOY.



THE TORMENTED OWL.

THE OWL.

DID you ever see an owl? Some of you have, I know, and perhaps, a few have not. Here is a very fine picture of one. There are many kinds of owls. Some are as small as a pigeon, others much larger than a chicken. One kind of owl is a pure white color; another red or brown; others spotted, or barred with different colors. Most owls have ears, which are long tufts of feathers standing

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out on each side the head. The owl in the picture has no ears. They have large eyes, strong claws, and soft, thick feathers, so that when flying through the air, they make little or no noise.

Owls eat rats, mice, frogs, and small birds. As they cannot see when the sun is shining, they remain quiet all day, either in thick woods, in an old tree, or among the straw in the roof of a barn. But soon as evening comes, they fly out quietly, and sail up and down, over fields and barn yards, ready to snap up every mouse, frog, or little bird, that they see.

Sometimes the owl takes a chicken from the roost, or snatches a gosling from under its mother's wings. Then he flies to his hole in the tree, and makes a meal off of what he has caught.

When the owl flies about seeking prey, he is silent; but when sitting on a tree, he makes a loud noise, which many people think very disagreeable. All owls do not make exactly the same noise. The tones of the screech owl are long and mournful, not much like any sound that you ever heard. They seem dismal at night, when every thing else is still.

The common owl also makes a dismal noise. Many persons are afraid to hear an owl scream. They believe that he comes to foretell the death of some person in any house that he flies over. All this is nonsense. The owl is a sober, harmless bird, and injures no body, except the farmer now and then, by stealing a chicken. But then he clears the barn of rats and mice, and thus fully atones for all his mischief as a chicken thief.

You see a number of little birds in the picture, flying around the owl. Perhaps,

you wonder why he does not eat them. You shall know. You remember that owls cannot see in daylight, so they have to stay in dark places, waiting until sunset. But sometimes an owl, either by losing his way, or some other misfortune, does not reach his home before morning, and so has to take shelter in the first dark place he can find. Here he is often seen by the little birds. They know he cannot know them in daylight, so they collect in flocks, flying round and round his head, striking him with their bills, and tormenting him in many different

ways. The poor owl shuffles about, snaps his bill, winks his great eyes, and tries to catch his tormentors. But they attack him more fiercely than ever, screaming with delight, and trying to strike out his eyes. The owl, blinded by the sun, and smarting with pain, moves his wings to keep them off, and sometimes hides his head under one of them. The small birds will sometimes torment him in this manner for a whole day. This is what the birds in the picture are doing.

But if any of them remain until even-

ing, he makes them pay very dearly for their fun. Soon as the sun has set, and twilight falls around, he raises his head from his wing, utters his shrill cry, and darting from the spot where he has been so long abused, he scatters the birds on every side, striking some to the ground, and tearing others to pieces with his long claws. Then the ones who were so merry before, scream with fear and agony. They would gladly run into the smallest corner, or hide in a hole of the ground. But now it is the owl's turn to be merry. Not being able to see very

well in the dark, they flutter about from one place to another, uttering cries of distress; the owl following, killing one after another, at a blow, and tearing some with his bill and claws.

Owls are sometimes caught and kept in cages. They are very dull through the day; but at night, if let out into the room, they fly briskly about, and will watch for hours to catch any rat or mouse, that may be peeping from its hole. An owl will soon clear a house of these troublesome vermin.



CARLO.

CARLO.

WILLIAM ROSE was a small boy about six years old. He had a sister named Jane, three years younger than himself. Mr. Rose lived in the country, so that these children had not many books, and toys, and new clothes, as children in town have. Neither did they often get candies, and cakes; nor see fine shows, and beautiful pictures in windows, and handsome carriages, and ships sailing
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up and down the river. Yet they were happy children. As they never saw all the fine things I have mentioned, they did not wish for them; but could play about the farm house, or the garden, all day without getting tired, or troubling their mother, except to give them dinner. They were also good children, minding what was said to them; so, although they had no one to play with but themselves, yet they did not become tired and fretful, as many boys and girls do, who have every thing that can be got for them.

When William had learned to read pretty well, his father one day brought him a book from town. It had a red cover and gilt edges, with many pretty pictures of houses, animals, and children. One picture showed a dog, drawing a little girl in a coach. Jane was pleased with this picture. She asked her father if he would some day buy her a coach to ride in, and a dog to be her horse. Mr. Rose said, that if she continued to be a good girl, perhaps, he might. The children took much care of this book, wrapping it up, and putting it away carefully,

whenever they were done with it. William was soon able to read it through; and it taught him a great deal about birds, and beasts, and cities of which he had never before heard.

Mr. Rose determined to buy Jane a coach and dog. One day, after he had been to town, the children saw his wagon coming up the road, and ran to meet it. Mr. Rose soon stopped and jumped out. Then he called, "Carlo," and a big dog stood up in the wagon, wagged his tail, and at last leaped to the ground. Jane and William were frightened; but their

father told them, that this was to be their horse; and while saying so, he took a coach out of the wagon, and set it down. The children clapped their hands, and the little girl ran toward the house to find her mother. When Mrs. Rose saw the coach and the dog, she smiled, and said that now her little girl would have many a ride.

Carlo was a noble dog. He had been trained up among children, and was never known to bite them. Twice he had saved the lives of boys who fell overboard. As he had drawn coaches from

the time that he was quite small, he knew all about it—when to walk, when to trot, and how to please the children who drove him. He would also carry his master's dinner in a basket; and when the children took a walk, he was along side to guard them from harm. But if strange dogs barked at any one he was guarding, he would drive them away, for he was strong and courageous. Jane wanted Carlo to be harnessed at once, but Mr. Rose said that the dog was tired, and must have some rest. Jane did not cry as some little girls would

have done, but with her brother, sat down to pat Carlo, and talk with him. At first he was a little shy; after a while he licked the children's hands, and lay down at their feet. They were busy with him the whole afternoon, and during supper could talk of nothing else. In the evening he was allowed to come in the house, and sit on a rug by the hearth; and Jane begged hard that he might be kept in the room all night. But Mr. Rose would not allow this, so that Carlo had to sleep out of doors.

Next day the dog was harnessed to the

coach, and Jane put in. William led them down the garden path, and round the field behind the house, while his sister clapped her hands and laughed, to feel the gentle motion of her coach. All the morning the kind animal drew his little mistress from one place to another, wagging his tail, and looking up in William's face, as though wishing to speak to him. At dinner time Carlo was released, and allowed to run about the fields.

Every day the little girl rode in her coach, with William by her side ; and

sometimes her brother mounted Carlo's back, and was carried by him a good distance. Much care was taken of Carlo. Mr. Rose made a house for him, and he was fed every day with meat, and such vegetables as he would eat. No one was allowed to beat or abuse him, and he was permitted to run about where he chose, and to swim the great mill pond, at some distance from the house. Sometimes he carried Mr. Rose's dinner from the house to the mill, or the fields; and in the evenings, the children were taken by their father to see Carlo jump in the

water after the sticks and canes that were thrown in.

How happy must these children have been with so good a dog. He was their play-fellow every day, and with him they were too happy to wish for toys, or cakes, or nuts, or the thousand other things that children in town cry about. But a change came over the little ones—a sad and mournful change, which I will now tell you about.

When Jane was rather more than five years old, she came home one day, and said that her head pained her. Her

mother bathed it with camphor, and put her to bed. When Mr. Rose came home, Jane was worse; and next morning her face and hands were burning hot, while her eyes rolled wildly about the room. Her father went in haste for a doctor; and until he came, Mrs. Rose sat beside Jane, bathing her forehead and temples with cold water.

When Mr. Steel, the doctor came, he said that Jane had the nervous fever, and would have to be kept very quiet. She was laid upon the little bed, where she and William slept together; the room

was darkened, and every person who passed in or out, walked on tiptoe. Scarcely any thing was given her to eat; and pieces of ice were placed around her head to reduce the fever.

This did not make her better. The fever became so violent that Mrs. Rose could scarcely touch her. She rolled about, and flung her arms up and down, and at last grew delirious. You know, children, what that means. Delirious people do not know any one around them, but speak and act as though they were in another world. Little Jane did

not know her father, her mother, or William. She talked, and laughed, and sung; but all without knowing why, and in so sad a voice, that those who heard her could not help crying. Sometimes she spoke of Carlo, and said that she would ride to town on his head; then she asked if her father might be put in the wagon, and driven over the hills. At other times she pointed to the ceiling, saying, there were snakes there, flying on balls of fire. Her mother sat by her weeping; and William covered his face with the bed clothes, for he was

afraid. Dr. Steel did all he could to reduce the fever, but Jane did not get better.

During this time, where was Carlo? Poor Carlo! He missed his little mistress, and all the first day he sat by his house in the yard, looking wishfully toward Mr. Rose's door. Every time it opened, he jumped up and wagged his tail, thinking it was Jane, then he would sit down again, sad and quiet as before. Next evening he came to the door, and scratched to be let in. Mr. Rose drove him away; but he came again, and then

was tied in his house ; but now he began to howl. Mr. Rose tried to quiet him ; but he howled so loud, that Jane heard him, and clapped her hands as though she knew it was her dog. He had to be untied, and let into the house. He seemed to know that Jane was sick, for he ran up stairs, and scratched at the door until it was opened. No sooner had he got into the room where his mistress was lying, than he lay down quietly by the bed side, and neither whined nor howled all night. Sometimes he looked up, and seemed to be listening to Jane, but he

made no noise, nor would he stir from the place where he lay.

On the evening of the fourth day, Jane came to her right mind. She was very weak, but she spoke to her father and mother, and bade them good bye. Her mother kissed the little girl again and again, holding Jane's hand in her own, and bending over her. William wrung his hands, and wept bitterly. Carlo knew her voice. He jumped up, wagged his tail, and listened. By and by, he put his fore paws on the bed side, and peeped over. Then Mr. Rose could scarcely hinder

him from jumping in bed. He whined, bent forward, and crept more and more close. Jane knew the dog, and stretched out her thin hand toward him. He licked it all over, rubbing his head on it. Mr. Rose told him to lie down, and he did so. Two hours afterward, Jane died.

I will not tell you much about the funeral, children. The little girl who had died so young and so happy, was buried in the village church yard. Many children, who had seen her now and then, and knew what a sweet girl she was, stood by when her coffin was low-

ered into the grave. Afterwards these children brought sods, and bright flowers to plant on the spot; and a small stone, with the name of Jane carved on it, stands over her head. And was Carlo near when his little mistress was buried? No. He had been tied in his house. Poor dog! All day the farmers heard him howling, and whining, or barking as if thieves were breaking through the farm house. When Mr. Rose came to let him out, he perceived that he had not eaten any of the food which had been left for him. He appeared sick, and as

soon as he was untied, ran away as fast as he could. When called, he did not stop, but continued running until he was out of sight.

Next day was Sunday. Mr. Rose had hoped that Carlo would come back that morning; but seeing he did not, he thought the dog had run off. That afternoon he went with Mrs. Rose and William, to visit Jane's grave. As they looked toward it from the grave yard gate, they saw something lying over it. With slow, sad steps, they walked up the path, and when near Jane's grave, again looked at

the object lying over it. It was Carlo. None knew how he had found the grave—whether he had tracked Mr. Rose's footsteps by the scent, or perceived that Jane had been buried, because her grave was newly made. But there he lay, whining piteously, with his hair rough and soiled. Seeing Mr. Rose, he jumped up, and run around two or three times, then lay down again.

When Mr. and Mrs. Rose were about to leave, they tried to make Carlo come with them. He would not, and they returned to the house. Some food was

sent to him that night, and he ate a little. He remained at the grave two days. On Tuesday morning he came back for a short time, looking thin and sickly; but soon after returned to the grave yard. Every night he could be heard howling; and when any one tried to coax him away, he couched low, and covered his eyes with his paws. At last he staid there night and day, eating no food, and whining all the time. Some men wanted Mr. Rose to shoot him; but he would not listen to such a thing. Carlo starved to death on little Jane's

grave. The coach that he used to trot so briskly with, was put away. William grew up sad and lonely, seeming like a different child. All who saw him, believed that his thoughts, day and night, were about the little one with whom he he had once been so happy.





SWAN CHASING A BOY.

THE SWAN.

HERE is a picture of a boy who has been throwing stones at swans. This is cruel sport; for he might kill one of the cygnets, or little swans, very easily. It is also dangerous; for you must know, children, that one of the old swans could break his arm, and perhaps, kill him with a stroke of its wing. You perceive that the old bird is chasing him. It is to be hoped, that if he escapes from it,

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he will take warning, not to disturb it again.

The swan is a large, handsome bird, shaped a little like a goose, but more slender and elegant. Its beauty does not consist in handsome colors, like those of the jay or oriole; nor in a neat, active form, like the humming bird's. On the ground, its legs are so short, and its neck so long, that it looks rather ugly. It is in the water that it appears handsome. There it glides along almost without an effort, bending its neck in a graceful manner, or smoothing its soft

feathers with its bill. Its color is pure white, and it seems to take pride in keeping itself clean.

The swan can easily be tamed. Then it will eat out of a child's hand, and sail for hours in any pond of water that may be near its keeper's house. It lives a long time—some say for a hundred years. It is gentle and playful, when not disturbed; but if made angry, or if its young ones be injured, it will fly at dogs, hawks, and even man. One stroke of a swan's wing will break a man's arm.

In many parts of this country, wild

swans are found. These are rather grey than white, and fly in flocks. Their cry is loud and shrill, like a trumpet, and may be heard many miles along the rocks and rivers, where they fly. These birds remain in the cold parts of our country during summer; but in the fall, fly to warmer climates. At such times they have a leader whom all the others follow; and they move in long lines, without the least confusion. While passing along mountains, they are often attacked by eagles, which destroy numbers of them.

Beside the wild swan and the tame swan, there is the black swan, which lives in a country called New Holland, many hundred miles from here. Its body is altogether black, and it is smaller than the white swan. I believe that no black swan was ever brought to this country, and not much is known about its habits.



